The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners. *"Montani Semper Liberi!"* *Andrew Price, Editor*

VOL. 15, NO. 26 MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, JANUARY 21, 1898. $1.00 PER YEAR

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given all legal work.

JOHN A. PRESTON FRED. WALLACE

PRESTON & WALLACE,
Attorneys at Law,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Greenbrier and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

PHYSICIANS' CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
ELKINS, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to C. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel
All calls promptly answered.

Biographic Notes.

AARON MOORE, one of the older sons of Moses Moore the pioneer, hunter and scout, after his marriage with Cathrine Johnson, daughter of John Johnson, one of the early settlers near Marlinton, first lived near Frost. But for the greater part of his life he dwelt on the west bank of the Greenbrier, four miles above Marlinton, where he had settled in the woods. By arduous industry and judicious economy Mr and Mrs Moore built up a prosperous home. The property is now owned by Uriah Bird, Esq.

Their sons were John, James, Samuel, Thomas, Andrew Jackson, Henry, William Daniel and George Claiborne, and the daughters were Mary, Elizabeth, Catherine, Eliza, and Melinda; eight sons and five daughters.

John Moore married Jane, daughter of Col John Baxter and, settled in the woods near Marlinton. Their children were Aaron, William, Theodore, Washington, and one daughter, Cathrine, now Mrs Thomas Auldridge, near Indian Draft.

James Moore married Anne McNeill, daughter of the late Squire John McNeill, on Dry Branch of Swago, and settled in the woods near Marlinton, on property owned by John R. Moore. Their children were John Register, Frances, Rachel, George, Henry, Naomi, and Nelson. John Register lives on the homestead. His wife was Mary Baxter, daughter of the late William Baxter, Esq., near Edray. Rachel is now Mrs George M. Kee, near Marlinton.

Samuel Moore, of Aaron Moore, the early settler, married Nancy Beale and settled on the summit of Marlin Mountain, in the unbroken forest, and killed ten rattlesnakes on the first acre cleared about his cabin. Their children were Lucas, Martha, Catherine, Margaret, Jennie, William Thomas, George, Anise, Rachel, Kenney, and Melinda; eight daughters and four sons. Mrs Moore was a daughter of Thomas Beale who came from Maryland soon after the war of 1812. He claimed to have been a sailor in early life and was one of the defenders of Baltimore, and saw the engagement immortalized by the "Star Spangled Banner." The farm opened up by Samuel Moore is visible from so many points that a lady from Florida called it a revolving farm.

William D. Moore settled on Elk Mountain in the woods. He was married three times. His first wife was Rebecca Sharp; her children were Matthias, Charles L., Elizabeth, Mary, Jacob and Nancy. The second wife was Mary Ann Auldridge, daughter of Thomas Auldridge, Sen. Her one child was Mary Ann Moore.

The third wife was Hannah Beverridge. Her children were Amanda, now Mrs S. D. Hannah, on Elk; Susan, now Mrs John Gibson, near Mary's Chapel; Effie, now Mrs A. Page Gay, near Clover Lick; Etta, Joseph and Ellis.

Thomas Moore, a noted rail splitter and fence builder, never married. He opened up a nice farm on Back Alleghany, where he now resides.

Andrew Jackson Moore was married twice. The first wife was Abigail (Abbie) McLaughlin, daughter of the late Major Daniel McLaughlin, near Green Bank. Her children were Ernest and Anise, now Mrs D. Hevener on Back Alleghany. The second wife was rachel, daughter of the late Charles Grimes, near Frost. Her children were Virginia, now Mrs Silva on Stamping Creek; Forest, Samuel, Thomas and Elmer, a teacher of schools.

A. J. Moore settled in the woods on back Alleghany and opened up a fine farm.

Henry Moore married Elizabeth Auldridge, daughter of Thomas Auldridge, Sen., and settled in the woods near Driftwood and opened up two nice farms. Their only son, Andrew Moore, lives at the homestead.

George C. Moore married Rachel Duncan on Stony Creek. Her father, Henry Duncan, came from Rockbridge, and was one of the carpenters that worked on the court house at Huntersville. Mr Moore lives on the "Young Place," near Hamlin Chapel, on Stony Creek.

Elizabeth Moore became Mrs William Auldridge. These persons settled in the woods near Indian Draft. Their children were Hanson, Melinda and Eliza. Eliza died not long since. Hanson and Melinda are living on the nice homestead opened up by their worthy parents.

Catherine Moore was married to John Burr and they settled in Burr's Valley where she is now living. Their children are Charles, Rebecca, Mary, Sally, Alvin Henry, Fannie, Ida, now Mrs Darnall, and Lillie, now Mrs Peter Dow. Mr Burr died suddenly in F. J. Snyder's law office in Huntersville. This is mentioned to correct a mistake in reference to William Burr in the sketch of the Lightner family.

Eliza Moore became Mrs Price McComb late of Huntersville. They settled in the woods on Cummings Creek densely covered with white pine and opened up virtually several nice farms. Their children were Nancy, Charles, George, Wyllis, Andrew Beckley, a merchant at Huntersville; Henry, on the homestead, and Alice, now Mrs George Wagner, at Huntersville.

Melinda Moore was the second wife of the late Capt William Cochran, on Stony Creek. Her children are William Cochran, Jr., on the homestead, and Catherine Jane now Mrs Giles Sharp, near Verdant Valley. Melinda Moore's second marriage was with Joseph Barlow who lives on the Cochran homestead.

Thus have we tried to illustrate the family history of Aaron Moore and Catherine Moore, with the assistance of their son, Geore C. Moore and Rachel his wife.

It is instructive to reflect on the memoirs of such a relationship so largely composed of patient, industrious people, accomplishing what they have done in developing our county. Nine members of this family settled in the woods, and by their efforts more than a thousand acres of wilderness land has been made to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Mary died in early womanhood, regarded by her sister as their special favorite. Two, while not settling in the woods, have shown by their industry and enterprise how to make the best of more favorable oportunities, and improved what came into their hands already opened up and improved.

It is next to impossible for many of us, my worthy readers, to appreciate what it all cost weary toil, wear and tear of muscle and bodily vigor and self sacrifice to achieve what they have. Nevertheless, the oldest people tell us that there was more real contentment and satisfaction and enjoyment in life *then* than *now*. For there was a felt community of interest and harmonious help and truly sympathetic endeavor that seemed to have a charm not so apparent now. Then it seemed a genuine pleasure to show favors and render assistance. But now pay seems to be expected for most every thing that may be done in the way of helpful service.

Like most of the persons of his time. Mr Moore was a successful hunter and he made it profitable. One of his memorable adventures occurred while on his way to search for the body of his lamented neighbor James W. Twyman, who was drowned in Thorny Creek, on January 17, 1834, and was not found until January 19. Mr Moore lived on the west bank of the river while Thorny Creek is on the east side. Some one shouted the sad news to him across the raging river and as soon as it seemed safe to cross, he went up the west bank to cross at Joseph Friel s. As he was threading his way along the snow covered path, his dog came upon the trail of a panther and treed it in a lofty pine near the summit of the river ridge, about oppoeite Friels. He shot the animal, one the largest of its kind, left it where it fell, to be attended to later on, and then hurried away on his sorrowful duty, canoeing the river at high tide. In a few hours the body of the drowned neighbor was found stranded on a large rock, that is still pointed out, not very far above the mouth of the creek.

When Mr Moore died, his remains were taken to the Duffield grave yard. His faithful wife survived him a few years and then was carried to rest by his side, where they are now sleeping the years away in hope of a blessed resurrection. May they stand in their lot at the end of the days.

W. T. P.

"IT is the the simple truth that Arthur Henry Hallam was a spirit so exceptional that everything with which he was brought into relation during his shortened passage thro this world came to be, thro this contact. glorified by the touch of the ideal." Such is the characterization which Mr Gladstone gives to the subject of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," in the fine article he has written for the New Year's number of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. The article is illustrated by a striking portrait of Mr Gladstone photographed expressly for THE COMPANION, and a beautiful copy of the Chantry bust of Hallam. The other contents of this number are rich in variety and interest. and include an interesting view of Mr Gladstone at eighty-eight. by William E. Riding, a capital newspaper story and other fiction and miscellany of the best kind.

SIXTEEN thousand dollars have been subscribed for the new Republican paper at Charleston. A. B. White, of that city, puts in $6,000; W. M. O. Dawson, $6,000; J. J. Peterson, $3,000; and Attorney-General Rucker, $1,000. They will buy out the plant of the Charleston Star-Tribune.

AT the Republican indignation meeting in Columbus, Ohio on last Monday Rev Mr Kelly, who opened the demonstration with prayer, asked the Lord to defeat "unholy combinations." It is to be hoped that this may quiet the assumption, always rife in such close contests, that earthly means were to be employed to determine the result; and it is further to be hoped that the din of the conflict may now subside.—Exchange.

THEY arrived, with their trunks, at a South Eleventh street boarding house last week, and, from all appearances, were a happy married couple. Before the new arrivals had been installed two days the servant who cleans the rooms mysteriously confided to the dowstairs help that "Them air new boarders is queer." When pressed for an explanation, she said that she had several times overheard the man threaten "to cut the foul hear.' out of the woman, whom he accused of treachery. Of course, these strange proceedings reached the boarding mistress' ears, and she decided to take the first excuse for giving the the pair notice to leave. The gossiping chambermaid was told that the next time she heard the new boarders quarreling she was to report instantly. That afternoon down came the maid, and excitedly told her mistress that they were at it again. Both maid and mistress then went up to listen. They distinctly heard the man say: "You have had you last chance; prepare to die for the wrongs I have suffered at your hands." The landlady sent the girl for a policeman. Luckily, a big reserve was stationed at the corner, and soon he, too, was listening at the door. The woman's pleading tones could be heard, and finally the gruff voice chimed in: "Now, time's up; with this dagger you die." "No yet!" shouted the officer. as he crashed through the door to prevent murder. There, sitting in an easy chair, smoking, was the villain, while the woman reclined on a sofa, both with rolls of manuscript. Their amazement gave way to mirth when they explained that they were actors rehearsing their parts.—Philadelphia Record.

Notions.

AS the school-boy's composition would start, "There are many kinds of Indians"; but the old settlers divided them into clases, the bad and the good, or, as Amelia Rives would say, "The quick and the dead."

James Fenimore Cooper wrote about good Indians.—"The last of the Mohicans," and others,—and he was a competent judge. He was skilled in the arts of the Indian in hunting, trapping, and knowledge of the woods. One admirer says that "he could track a wolf in the morning by the broken cobwebs along its path"; and he has left us a legacy in books that is invaluable. He knew about the things, and was able to tell what he knew.

On the other hand, authorities generally agree that while the Indian is interesting he is repulsive. The most expressive term used by the Indian slayers in whom we delight, was "reptyles."

It does not take a very vivid imagination. on the part of him who is fishing in a trout pool in some of our mountain streams, far from the haunts of men, to conjure up a file of Indians gliding along the shore of the stream, as they assuredly have done some time. The surroundings are identical. There is no sign of the encroachments of civilization. The man with his fishing-rod is the only human being in miles. Then why should it be hard to call up a party of warriors appearing in sight as they round the bend. When one is in this lonely situation, with the endless sound of the rush of waters and the rustle of the woods, he can hardly tell "what dreams may come," or how intensely real they may be.

Lately the Smithsonian Institution has been compiling a vast amount of information about the original inhabitants of America. It has translated their legends, which were told around camp fires for generations. The Indian languages have very limited vocabularies. The most of the distinctive languages have less than a thousand words. A great many of the tribes, credited with different tongue, speak the same language varied by dialect. Accent and emphasis played a tremendous part in their speech, and this, it is said, cannot be conveyed to any one by a translation. In this article we wish to give some of the Indian's songs and stories.

The Indians have a profound belief in mythology. They are as cunning as serpents in some things and as simple as children in others. One of the myths most widely believed in is the Thunder Bird. Most of the tribes believe in a huge bird which has its nest on the highest and most inaccessible peaks, and which causes thunder and lightning at will. The eagle on the United States money is believed by the Indians to be a representation of this thunder bird, and they prefer the silver dollar with its magnificent thunder bird to any other denomination of coin.

As an example of the song of the Indian we select one about the Thunder Bird The reader will object to it because it lacks variety, but the others are oppressed with sameness even worse than this one. It is called: "Tahu na ana nia huna."

Na nisa na, na nisa na,
Na nani na, tahu na ana niahuna
Tahu na ana nia huna,
Na nisa na, na niso na,
Na nisa na, tahuna ana nia huna
Ta heti nai huna.

Translation.

My children, my children,
It is I who make thunder as I circle about,
The thunder as I circle about.
My children, my children,
It is I who make the loud thunder as I circle about,
The loud thunder as I circle about

It is sung to a sprightly tune in quick time.

The Indian tales are preserved by constant telling from one generation to another. They would usually delight very young children. We will give outlines of some stories. This is the legend of the first meeting of the Indians and whites. The Indians saw some large boats come to the land and white-skinned people come on shore. The Indians offered them some tobacco, and the whites in return brought out some liquor. The Indians were afraid to drink, so they selected four old men who were useless and made them test it. Pretty soon the old men became very gay. A short time afterwards they laid down and died. The Indians then decided to kill the white people, but as they were making ready the old men came back to life and said: "The liquor is good; we have felt very happy; you must try it too." At this time the white people showed them how to boil water in kettles. The kettles were big. They saw some little kettles (cups) and asked the white men for them so that when the cups grew they would have big kettles too. They got the little kettles, but they never grew any.

THE CATFISH.

The catfish in a river saw a moose come down to the stream daily to eat grass. The chief of the catfish said: "We will watch for him and kill and eat him." They surrounded the moose next day and the chief speared the moose's leg. The moose said 'What is it that has thrust a spear into my leg?" Looking down he saw he was surrounded by catfish and he trampled on them. They all swam away, but since that day they have all of them had flat heads.

THE SNOW.

A hunter had good luck hunting until a snow fell. The snow froze his feet and he wanted to punish the snow. He took a quantity of it and buried it in the ground and covered it with brush and grass, so that it could not get away. The next summer he went there when the sun was high and uncovered the snow and the sun melted it. The snow threatened to be revenged. The hunter next winter laid in a big supply of wood and when the snow came started two fires in his wigwam. One day a stranger came. He had a big beard and a head twice as large as an ordinary man. The hunter knew it was the Snow. He piled on more wood, but for awhile it kept getting colder and colder. He worked at his fires until the stranger began to sweat, and in a few minutes he had melted away, and thus the hunter got the better of *Kon*, the snow.

CHICAGO.

There was once an Ottawa trapper who went with his wife to trap beaver. When he got there the dam was frozen, and he broke holes in the ice. That evening his wife caught a beaver by the tail and called for her husband to come and kill it. He replied that if he did so, no other beaver would come up through the ice. His wife insisted and they quarreled. That night his wife ran away to the south. He went on her trail, and as he traveled he noticed that her tracks gradually changed in outline assuming the shape of those of a skunk. He followed her trail till he reached a marsh where he saw hundreds of skunks in the grass. He looked around for a long time expecting to find his wife in the shape of an unusually large skunk, but was disappointed. He named the marsh Chicago, The Place of the Skunk, and it has continued to be so called unto this day.

THE RACCOON AND THE BLIND MEN.

The friends of two old, blind Indians were afraid that their village would be attacked and that they they would not be able to escape on account of their infirmaty. So they moved them to the other side of the lake, built a wigwam, and left them provided with food. In order that they could find the water they stretched a line from the wigwam to the lake. One day one Indian would cook and the other carry water, and the next day they would change work.

Finally a Raccoon came along the shore, turning up the stones and looking for crawfish. He saw the line and said, "What is this? I think I shall follow this cord and see where it leads." He came to the wigwam and saw the old blind men asleep. He determined to have some sport. Presently the men awoke and started to to prepare dinner. The one whose turn it was started to the lake for water, but the raccoon had moved the end of the cord and tied it in a clump of bushes. The old man got to the end of his string and found that there was no water there. He returned and said to his companion, "We shall surely die, for the lake is dried up and where we used to get water the brush has grown up. What shall we do?" The other said, "That cannot be, for if the lake has dried up we have not been asleep long enough for the brush to grow on the lake bed. Let me try." He took the kettle from his friend and started off.

The raccoon had replaced the cord where he had found it. The second old man succeeded in getting water and came back and accused the other of lying. They patched up the peace and boiled the meat. The Raccoon came up and saw what was in the pot. There were eight pieces of meat, When the old men started to eat, the Raccoon removed four pieces very silently and eat with as great enjoyment as the old men.

One of the old men got through with his first piece and dipped in the pot for another. He said: "My friend, you must be very hungry to eat so rapidly; there are only two pieces left!" The other immediately accused him of being the thief. They argued thus, and the Raccoon to have more sport tapped each in the face. They each thinking it was the other who had struck him, began to fight and rolled on the floor. The Raccoon ran off and gave a big laugh, which explained everything to the old men. The Raccoon said: "I have played a nice trick on you; you should not find fault so easily with one another."

The Raccoon then resumed his crawfish hunting along the shore.
